

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper*.



"YOU CAN GIVE ME CHANGE FOR HALF A SOVEREIGN?"
"YES, YOUR HONOUR," SAID THE POOR MAN.

STORY OF THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

CHAP. VII.—SIXPENCE BECOMES THE INSTRUMENT IN AN IMPOSTURE.

FROM the till of the publican I made many rapid transitions—a witness of scenes too revolting to be detailed—until I found myself in the possession of an ingenious person, who appeared at first sight to have conceived an extreme attachment to me indi-

vidually; so much so, that he selected me from a number of my fellows, and then carefully wrapped me in some soft substance, and laid me aside, in companionship with some two or three dozen others, in a small drawer of a curious cabinet. That this preference was shown to us on account of our comparative freshness and freedom from blemishes, was sufficiently manifest; and a stranger might have set down our owner as a curious collector

of new and perfect specimens of the coinage of his country. If any satisfaction was to be derived from this thought, however, it was soon to be dispelled.

After a few days' confinement we were taken from our prison, and subjected to a strict and severe cleansing, by which the smallest particles of dirt we had gathered in our previous travels were effectually removed, and we shone out almost in our pristine brilliancy. This proof of apparently fond regard for us was only preparatory to another process which I need not describe, by which our countenances, and indeed all parts of our exterior, were so changed in complexion that our very nature seemed transformed. It was but in seeming, however; and judge, my friend, of our horror and indignation as we found that we were to be the innocent victims, and, at the same time, the unwilling instruments, of a base imposture. In short, by the fraudulent industry of our owner, a thin coat of the more precious metal, gold, was made to cover and firmly adhere to us; and as we were of like size and general appearance with certain golden coins, we were evidently expected to palm ourselves off upon the unwary as possessing twenty times our intrinsic and honest value.

Possibly, my friend, you have encountered some of your own species who would not be unwilling to pass in the world, and among their fellows, for twenty times more than they are worth, and whose talents and ingenuity are never so industriously employed as when there appears a chance of this object being attained. I have met with such: but let this pass; and believe me, on the honour of an honest sixpence, I never felt so degraded in my own esteem, as when I shone, as it were, in borrowed plumes, and carried with me an adventitious value.

I well remember how my owner gloated on me and my comrades with guilty satisfaction when his work was done, and the care he then took to hide us from prying eyes. Indeed, now that the transformation was completed, he was evidently anxious to part with us, which he very soon did, with a wish, audibly expressed, that he might never see us again.

The individual into whose charge we were given was a confederate of our abominable transmuter, and by him we were conveyed to a busy town of commerce, more than a day's journey from Gotham. This man was well practised in his unlawful business; and not many days passed away before my fellows and myself were distributed in quarters favourable to the success of our nefarious disguise.

What became of my companions I have never had the means of learning. As to myself, I passed through only two or three adventures during my career of deception, which was happily a brief one.

My first imposition was practised on a raw and careless shop lad, of whom my possessor, having a guilty knowledge of my fictitious character, purchased an article of trifling value, and who, without examination, put me into his master's till. The master was not so easily deceived, however. His keen eye and well accustomed hand detected the imposture on the instant of his emptying that re-

ceptacle, and a frown gathered on his austere countenance. It was with virtuous severity that he lectured his apprentice for his culpable inattention, while he set before him also, in strong and forcible language, the injury inflicted on the honest trader by the artifices of unprincipled men. To fix this lesson more firmly on the memory of the luckless youth, the shopkeeper gave him to understand that the loss would be his own, and an entry to this effect was immediately made in the day-book: meanwhile, I remained in the employer's possession, and was transferred to his pocket, where I remained for some days.

In the book which lies before you, my friend, is the sad and solemn history of one who first *saw*, then *coveted*, and then *took* that which was forbidden; and by a like process did he into whose hands I had thus fallen, glide into the commission of sin by my means. Many times in the course of the few days in which he carried me about his person, did that weak man place me before his eyes, until he began to admire the ingenuity with which I had been made to appear other than I was. Then arose suddenly a devilish desire to profit by the chance which had put me into his power. More than once did the temptation present itself to his mind, "Pay it away, fool: why lose a handsome profit? nobody will be any the wiser for it." Nay, more than once, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, his hand was instinctively thrust into the pocket which contained me, and was then as rapidly withdrawn, either because his courage failed him, or because some better principle was yet struggling against the tempter. Verily, in those few days in which I remained thus inactive, I caused my captor (for so I may speak of him) more uneasiness than my value a hundred times repeated would have repaid.

"The foul fiend is in the thing!" exclaimed the tradesman, throwing me violently on his desk one evening, when no one was by: "I cannot conceive what has come over me, that I must be always looking at it. One would suppose that I had never seen a bit of bad money before. Some evil spirit must be in it!"

"Alas! the evil spirit was with him, not in me; the same evil spirit who induced poor Esau, (you remember the story, friend,) to sell his birthright for "one morsel of meat;" who incited Achan to put forth his hand and take the gold and the silver and the goodly Babylonish garment out of the spoils of Jericho; and who tempted poor Eve to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

On the following day, my owner had occasion to travel to a distant city, and I was the companion of his journey. It was evening when he arrived, dark and stormy; and on alighting from the coach, the driver of a street vehicle, plying for hire, was summoned to convey him to the inn where he intended to lodge.

"Now," said the tempter within his bosom; and as we jolted along over the rough stones, I felt myself tightly compressed between the finger and thumb of my owner.

Presently he pulled the check-string, and, obedient to the hint, the driver stopped his vehicle.

It was at the corner of a street, lighted only by a dim lamp some yards off.

"I shall get down here," said the traveller, as he stepped out of the carriage; and in another moment I had fallen into the palm of the unsuspecting driver. "You can give me change for half-a-sovereign?" said the other, with well-assumed indifference.

"Yes, your honour," said the poor man, touching his hat; and then, glancing at me by the dull and distant light, he put me into his pocket, and handed back the change to my late master, who, taking his small valise in hand, walked off hastily, while my new owner remounted his vehicle and drove leisurely away.

Ah, friend! if I could then have spoken, would I not have denounced the unholy, vile, and treacherous deed of that well-clad and well-fed man, who, unurged by want, had thus added another link in the chain of frauds to which I was probably destined? But my lips were closed then: nevertheless, that deed—with every other hidden thing of darkness—will one day be brought to light in the blaze of His searching eye, who, though long-suffering and slow to anger, holds in abhorrence both the thought of covetousness and the work of deceit, and who will by no means clear the guilty.

Hereupon the silvery tones of the crooked sixpence seemed to die away; and the poor clerk, who had written this chapter of its history with a trembling hand, now laid down his pen and sighed aloud.

"It was a mean and abominable trick that, to take in the poor cabman in such a sneaking fashion," said he. "And a pretty fellow I am," he continued, "to be daring to feel indignant at such things, when—" here his voice dropped; and a tear dropped also.

"And then," continu'd he, in self-communing, "about a man's passing himself off in the world for twenty times more than he is worth! A hard hit at me, that was, friend sixpence. Wretch that I am! Here is my good friend, Mr. Keenedge, as honest a man as ever lived, and as simple-hearted and unsuspecting as a child; and I have been living in his house these ten years and more; and suffering him, all the while, to believe me to be an honest man—to have been always honest; and thus passing myself off upon him for twenty times, nay, for twenty thousand times more than I am worth. It won't do to go on so. I'll undeceive him: I'll tell him my history. Yes, yes; I'll rub the gilt off my character and history as he sees it. God grant that the metal beneath it may not be entirely base and worthless!"

With this aspiration, breathed with many a heavy groan, the poor clerk prepared for repose.

Two nights elapsed before any more of the sixpence's history was recorded; for on the following day, the poor clerk was detained some hours beyond his wonted time at his little watch-box at Peggram's wharf, in the unravelling of an involved account; and by the time he returned to his lonely lodgings, the hour for these communications had passed away. In fact, his crooked friend looked as like a commonplace, ordinary sixpence as one pea is the counter-

part of another. The day after that was Sunday; and though the poor clerk kept early hours, he had resolutely screwed his beguiler into a small cylindrical box—originally intended for a nutmeg grater, but which had been raised to the dignity of cash-box by its present owner. Thus the sixpence's mouth was closed, and its voice, so to speak, smothered, if anything so ghostly could be smothered.

On the succeeding evening, however, the prisoner was released, and, not appearing to have taken offence at its ignominious treatment, its story was continued.

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

OBAN AND DUNSTAFFNAGE.

ALONG the Clyde, as far as Rothsay, are scattered towns and villages which may be called the summer suburbs of Glasgow. Steamers give ready access to them many times every day; the river is never still, from the passage of excursion boats during the warm months; everybody goes down to Dunoon, Inellan, Kilmun, Strone, or some other of the multifarious watering-places, to gain or strengthen health during his holidays. Those who have time for longer trips may be transported in one day from Glasgow to Oban, in the heart of the Hebrides, by a most enjoyable steam-transit of a few hours' length, and through some of the finest scenery of the western coast.

Having called at the fine crescent bay of Rothsay, our steamer, "Iona," fairly left civilization behind it, and entered that turbulent strait, the Kyles of Bute, which winds among rugged mountains and naked weed-strewn shores, with seldom a sign of human residence visible. At the mouth of Lock Ridden are rocky islands: one of them contains the ruins of a fort built by the unfortunate Earl of Argyle in 1685, where he was attacked by some royal frigates, and his three thousand followers slain or dispersed. Soon after this the channel widens, and the magnificent Goat-fell in Arran, with attendant peaks, towers to the westward. The swell from the Atlantic is perceptibly felt; coeval with which, some hapless beings on deck make a rapid retreat to the cabins, thereby sealing their doom. We cross the entrance of Loch Fyne, renowned for herrings; blow off steam for a few minutes near Tarbert, where passengers cross a narrow isthmus towards Islay; and then glide northwards along the shore in comparatively calm land-locked waters.

Towards noon we reach the pier at Ardriishaig, where we change our travelling to dry land for a while, much to the relief of the hapless beings aforesaid. A variety of coaches and omnibuses are drawn up to receive us; for the Crinan Canal got out of order during one wild winter lately, and is since useless except for a small portion of its length. Sometimes the passengers are asked to walk up a difficult ascent; at the first of these, barefooted Highland girls were waiting with cans of goats'-milk and oatmeal bannocks—real mountain provision—for sale; and the cool draught was very acceptable. A great plain spreads near the end of the nine-miles' drive; prominent in the middle distance is Pollat-

loch House, reputed to have cost a hundred thousand pounds, and the owner of which can ride as many as forty miles in one direction across his estates—a palace with a principality.

Close to Crinan the scenery became mountainous, the road winding below fine crags; and soon we saw the smoking funnels of the long low steamer "Mountaineer" lying at the solitary wharf in the bay. Presently we had our first glimpse of the Hebrides. Passing through the "Great-gate," between the promontory of Craignish and an islet, westward lay the triple-peaked Paps of Jura, and the cliffs of Scarba. Who shall tell the enjoyment of that afternoon voyage through picturesque sea-channels, among islands with names familiar from the pages of the school-geography, and consequently bearing all the interest of paper acquaintances first seen? Above, the serenest of August skies, slightly gaining a daffodil tint as sundown drew on: through openings seawards, groups of islet mountains, clear in pale grey colour on the horizon: here and there a few Highland cottages in lonely nooks ashore—rocks whitened with myriads of gulls—great misty peaks piled afar inland. We stopped at some desolate hamlets, where boats put people ashore or brought them aboard, and beside the slate islands of Easdale and Seil, which are nothing but quarries. The noble outline of the Mull mountains came in view on the left, and the mighty Ben Cruachan—so lofty that he occasionally wears snow-streaks far into summer—on the right. Another half-hour, and we have entered the sound between the low green island of Kerrera and the rugged mainland, where first traces of the columnar basaltic formation, perfected at Staffa, may be observed in the cliffs. The white houses of Oban appear in crescent form on the inner curve of a smooth bay; and here we liked all things so well, as to abide nearly three weeks.

Though of very recent origin, as a rendezvous for Highland travellers, Oban possesses the conveniences of first-class hotels, good shops, banking-offices, and abundant means of making excursions by land and by water. The Caledonian Hotel is not surpassed by any of the splendid establishments in the metropolis, for comfort and luxury. It is said that ten thousand pounds are annually spent in Oban by tourists: which accounts for its rapid growth; and if a railway is ever formed to connect it with the south, it will probably become a favourite summer retreat for families. Already, the traveller is struck with surprise at the contrast it affords to the barren coasts and countries around; as if a neat gaslit Clyde watering-place had been transplanted one hundred and twenty miles, to the wild shores of the Hebridean ocean.

Behind the little town is a chaos of heathy heights and green hollows, without trace of cultivation: from the seaward edge of these can be obtained some fine views of mountains and inlets. The ranges of Morven, all along to the right, on the opposite of Loch Linnhe, are very noble. Benmore, the highest point in Mull, has a graceful conical summit, often isolated in the heavens by a strip of cloud. The bay beneath these heathy heights generally contains yachts and steamers at anchor; a line of buoys marks the deep navigation channel, which

in some places affords a sounding of forty-two fathoms.

One extremity of the bay is crowned with Dunolly Castle, on a promontory emerging from dense plantations. It consists of a square tower, the ruin of the central keep, and a few crumbling bits of wall, relics of the battlements about the court-yard. This was the fortress of the lords of Lorn, who contested superiority with Robert Bruce himself, and were hardly subdued at the last. Dunolly is a good emblem of their departed feudal dignity. Yet elder ages are connected with the Dog-stone, a mass of conglomerate of a conical form, more than fifty feet in height, seemingly so ill-balanced that one hardly likes to walk close under it—evidently the fragment of a wave-worn cliff; to which, saith Legend, Fingal was used to fasten his mighty blue-eyed hound, Bran. The demesne of Admiral McDougal round about is well wooded, and abounds in romantic scenes.

But the most interesting object within walking distance of Oban is the ancient castle of Dunstaffnage. The way thither, through the heathy country before mentioned, opens up a succession of fascinating glimpses of the lochs and their attendant hills, till Loch Etive appears in front, a blue expanse beneath the mountains of Appin. Now I had before my mind's eye a picture of Dunstaffnage, such as I had seen in some well-meaning book of engravings, representing a formidable fortress on a frowning cliff, waves dashing mightily against the latter, a ship struggling with the elements close by in a manner suggestive of wreck. And I was on the look-out for at least the high rock and the feudal battlements, till we met an old man with a book under his arm.

"Could you tell us how much farther is Dunstaffnage?"

"Dunstaffnage? Ou, that's just it there;" pointing to a low shore point, where stood a meek-looking brown ruin enveloped in trees, on the other side of a marshy creek. "Will ye ha' a boat?"

No; we were too much disgusted to go farther for that day, and came back to Oban feeling as if we had been ill-used. But a week afterwards we hired a boat, and went all the way by water, skirting Dunolly and the Maiden Isle, and landing in Loch Etive beside the castle; which, seen from the sea, is properly venerable, and in the days of its strength must have been imposing. A flight of ruinous steps leads to a door in the side of a tower, initiated over by the pencils and penknives of travellers desirous of such perpetuation. Thence we descend to a court-yard, where some fishermen live, whom we had seen mending their nets on the beach. Over the windows of their cottages were curious gables, carved with grapes and other devices. From the ramparts is a good view of Loch Etive and the Alps of Appin, Ben Cruachan, in sulky purple garb, towering above all. Two or three old guns lie about; one, said to be a relic of the Armada, is vivid with verdigris. The usual dungeon and well are in the keep.

So ancient is Dunstaffnage, that some old writers assert its existence when Julius Caesar invaded Britain. To come more into the daylight of history,

Kenneth MacAlpine here held royal state, after the rude fashion of his age, in 843. Then the Stone of Fortune, upon which the Dalriadan monarchs had always been crowned, was preserved at Dunstaffnage among the realm's choicest treasures. Afterwards it was removed to Scone; and five hundred years subsequently to Westminster Abbey, where it was affixed to the coronation chair. Bruce laid siege to Dunstaffnage, and compelled this stronghold of the lords of Lorn to surrender. His grant of it to the rival family of Campbell still subsists. Hence, in 1685, the Earl of Argyle sent the "cross of yew dipt in blood" to summon all the Campbells from sixteen to sixty to take arms against James II.; but they dared not obey the summons, and their chief went southwards to his defeat in the Kyles, and his scaffold in Edinburgh.

A dark plantation of firs surrounds the little chapel where the Scottish kings of a whole dynasty lie buried. When Charlemagne reigned, some of this dust was in royal flesh upon the earth. Now the sobbing ripple of the tide upon the strand, the soughing motion of the foliage, alone break the silence. Not even a carving can be made out from the black monumental stones, to tell the names of the great ones below.

Getting afloat again, we directed our course across the mouth of Loch Etive for the vitrified fort of Beregonium. Half an hour's stout pulling by the pair of brawny boatmen brought us under the shores of Upper Lorn. A lonely little white post-office nestled beneath the seamed and rifted crags a short way inland. We landed at a beach covered with gay-coloured pebbles, near the knolls marking the site of the much-disputed Roman camp, or Pictish city, or fort, or ancient iron-works, whichever antiquaries may decide it to have been. By digging beneath the surface, fragments of scoriae were exhumed, apparently stones burnt to the porous consistency of pumice. They float upon water like cork. Except these strange subterraneous cinders, there is nothing peculiar about the place; but it may be the object of a very agreeable water excursion.

Beyond Dunstaffnage is Connel Ferry, where Loch Etive contracts into a narrow channel full of rapids. The country is "a land of streams;" half-a-dozen times in a mile or two, one pauses to look at waterfalls of more or less magnitude. We found that the old man with a book under his arm was continually on the road; he was a Waterloo veteran, bearing marks of the fight in a French bullet-wound on his leg, and ekes out his pension by rowing visitors across the creek to the castle. To this end he walked forward in order to forestall parties approaching; for he was not without rivals in his chosen line, who, having younger limbs and lungs than he, frequently disappointed him of a fare.

A walk revealing many pleasing views is that along the Sound of Kerrera, beneath the mossed and lichenized columnar cliffs. Every bend of the shore brings some new combination before the eye, of the green crumpled island opposite, and the great grey mountains of Mull afar. How eminently peaceful and lovely is the scene at sunset, when their outlines are carved sharply against the glow-

ing western heavens! Kerrera was the rendezvous of the lords of the isles, when they aided Haco of Norway to descend upon Scotland; and once besides did its shores receive royalty, when Alexander II landed and died there. This is all the history it has; and now it is permanently engaged in the useful work of being a protecting breakwater to the harbour of Oban.

The steamers for Staffa, Iona, and Glencoe, make Oban their head-quarters. But a description of these excursions must be reserved for a future paper. Once a week also, a boat runs to Portrush in the county of Antrim; so that a trip to the Giant's Causeway and the chief attractions of the North of Ireland may be added to the list of Oban excursions, if the tourist pleases.

LEAKY TUBS.

It is very entertaining to those who have mixed a good deal in varied society, and gone about with their eyes open, to withdraw sometimes into their shell and to observe the drama of life going on around. So at least says Washington Irving, and so I have found it. Not only can this study of manners and customs be carried on at railway stations, places of amusement, and scenes of public resort, but with almost equal advantage in every-day life. Most men must have at hand in their own circle sufficient diversity of characters to afford them ample amusement in a quiet way. In each circle may be found specimens of most of the classes existing in the world; and as they gradually display their idiosyncrasies, the intelligent observer can from time to time improve his knowledge of psychology by watching and analyzing their various proceedings. It would obviously be impossible to describe in one paper, or even in a dozen, all the many classes which we may thus find in the world. But my attention has been drawn of late to a peculiar order of beings, whom for want of a better designation I will call the "Leaky Tubs" of society.

We Englishmen are commonly said by foreigners to have a great talent for silence. This, however, cannot be said of the Leaky Tubs. Talk they must, and talk they will, in season and out of season. They are essentially irretentive. You can never be sure that anything you put into them will stay there. They seem to have no perception of proper discretion and reserve, or that there can be anything which it is not well for them to chatter about indiscriminately. This they often do, not with any deliberate evil intent, though terrible is the mischief they effect to individuals, to families, and to neighbourhoods. Their object seems simply to relieve their minds, which are of so loose and flimsy a texture that everything runs through them like a sieve. They are seldom wicked, but only silly. They establish a number of confidantes on extremely light acquaintance; for whom they profess the most extravagant affection, and to whom by letter and by word of mouth they blab whatever comes uppermost in their mind, without reflecting for an instant on the probable consequences either to themselves or to others. For, so inconsiderate are they, that, when

the impulse is upon them, they hesitate not to gossip about matters which must inevitably reflect discredit on themselves, though of course nothing can be farther from their intention than this result. They are pretty sure to make public sooner or later everything they can tell, even though it be in matters of the utmost delicacy or importance; thus doing their utmost to destroy that mutual confidence which is the very foundation of society. They care nothing for Napoleon's celebrated saying, that "it is well to wash one's dirty linen at home;"—perhaps many of them have not even heard of it, for Leaky Tubs have never well-stored minds, and therefore have few resources but personal gossip;—they, on the contrary, invite all their friends to take part in the unsavoury job. The natural consequence is, that they are continually in hot water, but they somehow fail to perceive that they have themselves to thank for it. They do not grow wiser by experience, in spite of the time-honoured proverb about the burnt child and the fire, but before they are well clear of one scrape, will go and put their foot into another just like it. They are incorrigible. "All in vain comes counsel to their ear;" and though you may patch up a leak for a time, it is of little use. They *must* cackle: they cannot help it, for "tis their nature to." And if any latent sense of decency and propriety hinders your true Leaky Tub from blurting out its whole tale at once, it seeks to stimulate curiosity by judiciously dropping obscure hints, and then with well-feigned reluctance suffers all that it is burning to tell to be drawn from it by questions.

Such are some of the characteristics I have noticed in this most curious class, and I dare say the experience of others will suggest many more. There are a few pertinent and plain-spoken verses in the book of Proverbs which are very applicable to them. "A talebearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter. The words of a talebearer are as wounds. Where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth: but a whisperer separateth chief friends." *Talebearer* is not here used in the common school sense of *tattle* (though that, too, is a thing much to be condemned), but evidently means those who go about whispering in an underhand way, either thoughtlessly or maliciously, what may be hurtful to others.

We all, doubtless, number some of these Leaky Tubs among our acquaintance, for they are unfortunately to be found everywhere. There is just one general principle to be borne in mind in dealing with all such, and it is this—Beware what you put into them.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

UNTIL within a comparatively recent period, the facilities for journeying from one portion of our Indian territories to another were comparatively "few and far between." Such as did exist were of a primitive character, hardly satisfactory to the European or American traveller accustomed to railways, well-constructed roads, and efficient "conveniences." Railways in India have scarcely been commenced more than a dozen years, and al-

though operations in connection with their establishment and extension have progressed favourably, (as far as Oriental matters generally go,) only a small extent of country in the most important sections of the British dominions has as yet been traversed by the "iron horse." True, there is the ancient river, the sacred stream, upon whose bosom numerous budgerows floated, laden with passengers and goods; but this mode of transit was considered unsafe, owing to the frequent depredations of river dacoits or pirates. These clumsy and unsightly vessels were, however, in time in a measure superseded by river steamers and flats, introduced under the auspices of joint-stock companies, but no very enormous dividends ever accrued to shareholders from the profits derived from these undertakings; for, owing to the very serpentine course of the river, the distance from place to place is considerably greater than by land—(Allahabad, for instance, being only four hundred miles from Calcutta by road, and exactly double that distance by water); consequently, the time occupied by a voyage up the Hooghly, or the Ganges, is proportionably longer, especially as steamers are obliged to anchor at night.

Owing to the inconveniences and uncertainties of river conveyance, the construction of a durable roadway for traffic through the country became a matter of State necessity, and accordingly the Grand Trunk Road was projected, and in due course opened out for public purposes.

This magnificent highway—one of the most stupendous works of engineering in the world—is metalled or macadamized with a substance called *kunkur*, for upwards of a thousand miles, (except, perhaps, occasionally, where the nature of the ground renders the use of this material unnecessary,) and extends from Howrah, a village on the Hooghly, opposite to Calcutta, to Peshawur, a city situated at the north-western extremity of our possessions beyond Lahore, and is the main artery of communication between the metropolis and the various important stations which are either on or contiguous to the line of road. For a length of time, however, this great highway was used for the transport of goods to a very limited extent, even Government stores being generally forwarded by river steamers to the "up country" stations. Under these circumstances, a gentleman on the Bengal medical staff (Dr. Paton) put himself in communication with the authorities, and furnished such information as led to the consideration of a scheme for establishing a regular system of land traffic by means of bullock trains. The idea once started, attracted the attention of capitalists; and now there is, if not two, at least one Land Transit Company, with an efficient establishment of carts, drivers, overseers, clerks, and bullocks—stations being appointed along the line of road at every stage of ten miles, for relays of bullocks, the carts being compelled to proceed at a uniform speed of two miles per hour.

Passengers by road usually proceed to their destinations by *dâk*—a system of travelling organized under the East India Company's administration, and, during their government, subject to the

general control of the postal department. The traveller would "lay his dâk"—that is, he would signify to the postmaster, if at an out-station, or to the manager of the dâk office, if at Calcutta, his intention of proceeding to a stated locality on a certain day, and pay the price of his journey according to a regular scale of charges. At the time appointed, a heavy palanquin, attended by sixteen bearers, would await his pleasure at his residence, and his servants would then pack that "convenience" with such articles as he might consider essential for his personal comfort during the journey. There is a shelf at the foot of the palanquin, furnished with a drawer, and a reclining cushion is securely fastened at the head of the mattress, which may be adjusted according to the inclination of the occupant. Altogether, it is an easy and luxurious mode of travelling for short stages; but the laziest individual gets weary of it on very long journeys. The palanquin starts, and is borne on the shoulders of four of the bearers. You would hardly conceive the capability of those slim, gaunt, and weakly-looking Bengalees to bear that ponderous unwieldy carriage, and to convey it along at the speed they do, never stopping during their period of duty except to change shoulders; and even then the traveller is hardly conscious of any delay, so rapidly are the changes effected. After they have performed a certain distance, they are relieved by the others. But it must not be supposed that because the palanquin is only borne by four men at a time, the twelve who trot after to take their turn are, during the intervals when they are relieved from their principal burthen, suffered to proceed altogether untaxed. One carries the sahib's carpet-bag, and others bear his trunks, suspended from the ends of thick bamboos, which are balanced across the shoulder.

Fresh relays of bearers are ready at every stage of ten or twelve miles, the station-houses at which they are posted along the line of dâk being called "travellers' bungalows." (See No. 440.) These are, or were, Government institutions, and were conducted subject to certain specific rules and regulations. Each of these houses of call was furnished with a table and a number of chairs, and, in some instances, bedsteads were available for the accommodation of the visitor during the night. The bungalow was under charge of a native (a *kansamah*), appointed and paid by Government, whose duty it was to procure refreshments for such as chose to stay and take a meal at his station, upon payment of the bazaar rates of charges. Travellers occupying or using the bungalow were charged a rupee per diem, which sum was chargeable however short a time you might remain; a book being kept, in which each visitor was required to enter his name, by way of check against the official in charge. Contiguous to each bungalow was a *babachee khana*, or cook-house, in which your own servants might conduct your *cuisine*; or if you happened to travel without any staff of attendants (as dâk passengers bound on long journeys generally do), the *kansamah* would do the needful, in anticipation of liberal *bucksheesh* by way of reward for his services. To travel through certain districts in the low lati-

tudes during the boiling heat of the day, even although under shelter of a double-roofed, well-ventilated palanquin (or *palkee*, as it is generally called), with damp *kuskus** tatties, or blinds, hung down the sides, is not only unpleasant, but frequently dangerous to the health of Europeans; and therefore the daytime, from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M. is usually chosen for rest in a travellers' bungalow. On a much frequented road, the *kansamah* often has his *godown* stocked with beer, spirits, soda-water, and sometimes port and sherry, and reaps a tolerable profit from the sale of such beverages.

You again start on the road at four in the afternoon, the bearers having trimmed the lamps, which are fixed on each side of the forepart of the palkee, and prepared their torches for the night journey. For two hours you are carried on your way, and then the shadows of night begin to fall thickly around you. The palkee is stopped, and flint and steel are put into requisition for the purpose of procuring some fire; the lamps and the torches are then lit, and the nocturnal procession moves on. The sides of your palkee being open, you look out into the night. Innumerable fire-flies are glimmering amongst the trees; the frogs have begun to croak in the vicinity of the ponds and marshes; the crickets are chirruping everywhere about you; the buzzing of mosquitoes is detected in unpleasant proximity to your ears, and a variety of unmelodious sounds incidental to an Oriental night fill the murky air—above all which are the dismal howling of the jackal, and, perchance, the distant roaring of the tiger. It is chiefly by way of protection against these latter animals that the bearers carry burning torches during the night journeys through jungly tracts of country.

The lamps in front of the palkee cast a light inside sufficient for you to read by; but if you intend to indulge in an hour's mental recreation of that sort, it would be prudent of you to get your bearers to brush your palkee clear of mosquitoes and then shut yourself closely in. This precaution is likewise indispensable if you have any idea of going to sleep. You do not stop at the bungalow at which you call during the night, except to change bearers and perhaps to take a cup of warm coffee, if you are thirsty or need a refresher; but, if you have tolerably well succeeded in excluding mosquitoes from your snugger, it is advisable not to show. After about a couple of hours' further travelling, you hail the notes of "the cock, which is the herald of the morn," with inexpressible gratefulness, and open your panels to admit the daylight and the morning air.

The Trunk Road runs through several provinces, exhibiting different aspects of scenery and possessing various climates. It traverses the rich alluvial plains of Bengal, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, and the drier but no less fertile tracts which cover the districts of Patna and Benares; it wends its way through the romantic regions of the Doab and

* Kuskus is a fragrant grass, which is woven into mats or hanging blinds, which, if wetted and hung over doorways and windows, cool the hot air which passes through them.

Punjab, and passes on to its termination over an arid and barren wilderness, resembling in its dreary aspect the vast deserts of Africa and Arabia. Immediately west of the Jumna, between that river and the Indus and their respective branches, there intervenes a considerable space which is refreshed only by a few small rivulets that spring up and disappear amid the waste. This space comprises a desert "of extent sufficient," says Murray, "to form a mighty kingdom, and occupying the whole breadth in that direction from the mountains to the ocean. This entire region is about six hundred miles long and three hundred broad." The eastern division Lord Elphinstone describes as consisting of "heaps of sand, heaped often into hills of surprising elevation, and so loose that, whenever the horses quitted the path hardened by beating, they sunk above the knee." Over this wilderness is scattered, however, at intervals some coarse grass, with stunted and prickly shrubs, while in the midst of the sand are occasionally found large water melons, which afford delicious refreshment to the thirsty traveller. One would hardly suppose that, amidst the dreary solitudes of this desert waste, human beings would make choice of localities for habitation; yet, upon its arid and dreary surface, wide apart from each other, miserable villages exist, consisting of mud huts, around which efforts at cultivation have occasionally been rewarded by the appearance of scanty crops of coarse grain and pulse, "the stalks of which stand distinctly separate from each other." And there is reason to believe that a considerable population is sprinkled over the desert, since Bikaneer in its centre presents all the characteristics of an important eastern city, having within its precincts stately palaces and temples, and other edifices of considerable pretensions.

All along the Trunk Road the electric telegraph wires are placed, and messages can be communicated from one important station to another with the same facility as in England. Along this road, too, travelling is not attended with the disadvantages which are incidental to the less important highways of India. The traffic is so considerable that there is always company upon the road. As you proceed on your journey, you encounter the buggy of the military officer or the indigo planter, the carriage of a district judge, the palkee gharee of the Portuguese clerk, the keranchee of the native baboo, and many European and native equestrians.

Our illustration is taken from a drawing by the late Captain G. F. Atkinson, of the Bengal Engineers, the author of a series of amusing sketches recently published under the quaint title of "Curry and Rice," and graphically represents a scene on the Grand Trunk Road. In the foreground is a palanquin carried by its four bearers, preceded and followed by attendants, two bearing trunks and boxes, and others carpet bags, whilst another is getting a hurried whiff or two from a bubble-bubble, which his comrade is holding out his hand to receive so soon as the other may be willing to surrender it. They are below the embankment, off the road, as is usual when the ground is inviting. Running alongside the palanquin is a lean and hungry-looking pariah dog, through

whose skin every bone of his body is distinctly visible. On the left of the picture, in the background, are two dark runners or postmen, the foremost carrying the mail-bag destined for some cross country station; and, tearing along the road in the opposite direction, is a palkee gharee, or jaun, of apparently inferior build, in which is seated a Mahomedan merchant—a hawker, or boxwallah, we imagine, judging from the peculiar shape of the boxes which are lashed on the roof of the vehicle. He is evidently a trader of some consequence in his small way; probably his boxes, and the bundles which are most likely inside the carriage, contain valuable cashmere shawls, and Persian scarfs and rich silks and muslins embroidered with gold, together with cases of jewellery. The coolie who carries the boxes from house to house at the stations at which the proprietor sojourns to dispose of his wares, travels on the box by the side of the Mahomedan coachman, who is lashing the poor native pony with all his might into a fast gallop, which he will keep up for about a quarter of a mile further, when he will stand stock-still in spite of lashes and abuse, till he feels equal to another gallop, into which he is sure to be whipped directly he has made a start again.

SORROWS OF OLD SCHOOL-BOYS.

It was not my lot to be an "unlicked cub" while at school. Nor was it the lot of any of my companions; for with the utmost impartiality our tutor administered the process to us, to which the various names of caning, flogging, thrashing, hiding, licking, leathering, and others, are applied, according as schools are of high or low degree. Hence the statement of my flogging experience, while under tuition, involves no personal discredit. With perfect truth it may be affirmed, that no boy ever left the academy of Dr. Touchem without being well acquainted with certain writhings, contortions, and ejaculations indicative of bodily uncomfortableness, caused by the ability and industry with which he wielded the weapon of chastisement. None could surpass him in the act of using the cane with dexterity and emphasis, so as to make it fulfil the castigating office with the most efficiency in the smallest possible time. After a preliminary shake and flourish for a moment or two, as if to make sure that it was safe in his gripe, he had a knack of giving it force by a peculiar twist, just at the point of contact, which, though perfectly indescribable, brought it down with telling effect upon one's flesh and blood. It seemed a thing of life, though not of beauty, in his hand; and to this day, I almost flinch, wince, and smart, at the very reminiscence of its vigorous application.

Touchem, to do him justice, was not of irritable or explosive temper—quite the contrary. He was as cold and passionless as marble—a man of imperceptible gravity, always solemnly serene while extracting a full chorus of lamentation; and to me, the abominably cool methodical manner with which he went to work, to make one's back or fingers tingle for an hour afterwards, rendered the infliction

SCENE ON THE GRAND TRUNKROAD, INDIA.



intensely exasperating. It must be admitted also that, though he scourged on very slight occasions, or none at all, he did it not only without malice, but upon principle, if not with benevolent intentions. He evidently thought the rod an indispensable part of school discipline, wholly distinct from circumstances; and, as a thing of virtue in itself, it was hence deemed his duty to have its wholesomeness demonstrated by use. Now and then a hint would drop about a blessing in disguise, just as many a rustic pedagogue has dismissed the last stroke of a flagellation with the moralizing remark, "There, take that! You'll thank me for it when I'm dead and gone." I have often thought that he would not have carried a clear conscience to his pillow—for he was a conscientious man—if the day had elapsed without his having given, at least upon a small scale, a brief practical illustration of the advantages of corporal punishment: he would have felt as though some imperative obligation had been neglected. But let bygones be bygones; and now that he has gone to his long rest, and sore skins are healed, why, peace to his ashes and his memory.

Time was when, with very few exceptions, those who had charge of the boyhood of the land agreed with my own tutor in his views of the efficacy of beating as a stimulus to learning, as also the guardian of good manners and morals. The great point with many a village dominie has been to wield the birch of his ancestors with unabated British vigour; but in high-class schools especially, the severe system was once universally resorted to as a safe, proper, and wholesome specific, in every case of real or supposed default. The chronicles of the monkish miracle manufacturers record the sorrows of the ancient school-boys, their flight to the shrines for protection from the masters, and the benevolent interposition of the saints to shield their helplessness. Thus, as the legend reports, a child took refuge at the tomb of Adrian of Canterbury, and the master, venturing to chastise him there, got a stiff arm upon the second stroke, which was not restored till the lad had been persuaded to intercede with the defunct prelate for him.

"We never cease beating them day and night," said an abbot to his superior, "and yet they are always worse than they were before."

"And what sort of persons," inquired he, "do they turn out to be when they are grown up?"

"Stupid and brutal," was the reply.

"Then," answered the superior, "how well have you bestowed all your pains in education, when you have educated human beings so as to make brutes of them!"

These visitations of the flesh have just as commonly been penalties incurred by native intellectual dulness as corrections for any actual offence, intended to "teach the young idea how to shoot;" while the quicker though more vicious scholar has frequently escaped all stripes.

" You call this education, do you not?
 Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
 Before a shouting drover. The glad van
 Move on at ease, and pause awhile to snatch
 A passing morsel from the dewy greensward;
 While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
 Fall on the croup of the ill-fated laggard.
 That cripples in the rear."

It is remarkable how very generally the notion has prevailed that, in training youth, there is something abstractly profitable in the occasional administration of torture to the frame, though the natural effect is to beget habitual aversion to that with which the mind connects the idea of severity and pain. Erasmus tells us that he was a favourite with his master. Yet, for his improvement, he must needs treat him with the experiment of a sound whipping. "Upon this," says he, "a fault was cooked up, of which I never so much as dreamed, and accordingly I suffered the discipline of the school. Immediately I lost all relish for my studies, and this usage did so damp my spirits that it almost broke my heart."

A kind-hearted and very sensible man was Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School, a semi-Protestant in the Papal times of Henry VII. He delighted in children with a natural and Christian feeling. Yet, whenever he dined at the school, it is said that he had one or two of the boys flogged after dinner—I suppose by way of a dessert. Erasmus was once a spectator of this discipline, and while the flagellation of an unlucky urchin was in process, the dean coolly remarked to him, "not that he has deserved this, but it is fit to humble him." If recollection serves, a clause in Colet's statutes for the government of the foundation contains a hint for the direction of the masters, not to be sparing of stripes. But the physical force system by itself never yet succeeded in a school, any more than in a state, in effectually securing subordination. It did not at Paul's; for never was there a more uproarious crew than the boys, when, after forty-five years of thrashing, Dr. Roberts retired from the head-mastership on a pension, just when the first Napoleon was compelled to give up thrashing the nations.

A regular curiosity was Roberts—a venerable-looking man, at least in his last days, seeming scarcely more lively than his bust, which now adorns the school-room, except when plying the cane; and on such occasions he was wonderfully active, as if inspired by new life. He wore a suit of rusty black, never wholly buttoned up so as to hide his shirt, with an enormous steel watch-chain, and a hat to which a three-year-old one would appear quite fresh and juvenile. At seven o'clock on a winter's morning, the shivering scholars assembled, with sixpenny tapers in japanned boxes, and fingers below freezing point, no fires being at any time allowed. About half-past seven, magister crawled in, but in complete deshabille, with a blue nose, ludicrously winking his eye-lids to keep them open. Having seated himself at a desk with back props opposite the pupil's face, the latter strove to fix upon the said props, within convenient distance, a duplicate of the lesson to be delivered. If this trick could not be performed, some auxiliary would infallibly puff out the doctor's taper, upon which, like a giant aroused from slumber, he would cut away right and left in the dark, assailing face and limbs indiscriminately. If any noise arose which could not be traced home to the noise-maker, he invariably chastised the head boy of every class, as a kind of practical lecture on the

dangers of eminence. He had the ugly habit also of tying two or three canes together, thus making a bouquet of the implements, when there was any special amount of cudgelling to be dispensed. Upon retiring from office, after a long reign, the Mercers' Company allowed him the handsome pension of £1000 a-year as a reward for his labours. Fortunate Dr. Roberts!

Immediately afterwards there was a sub-master of Paul's, with the long name of William Alexander Charles Durham. The surname duly appeared at full length upon a brass-plate on his house door; but the prefixes were represented by the initial letters W. A. C. This obtained for him the appellation of *Whack* Durham. It was no misnomer. But, nothing daunted by prospective tribulation, the youngsters took it into their heads invariably to greet his entrance into the school with the full chorus of "whack row-de-dow." Some took the tenor, others the alto, and others the bass. Neither cane nor casuistry could put this practice down. It died out of itself. Another usage arose, which castigation equally failed to suppress—that of the boys throwing their books at the head of any one who entered the school-room with his hat on. No respect was paid to persons any more than to beavers. My Lord Mayor would have been treated precisely the same as the parish-beadle. Whoever failed to unbonnet himself was an instant mark for vengeance; and, thick as hail, Gradus, Virgil, Ovid, Aesop, and Xenophon, flew round the pate of the astonished visitor.

Few schools have been so notorious as Eton for severities inflicted upon the scholars. The head-mastership of Nicolas Udall, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was eminently a reign of terror. Tucker, a pupil, has commemorated him and his doings in some homely rhymes:—

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways, the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me,
At once I had;
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass, thus beat I was,
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee,
To me, poor lad."

Vicesimus Knox is said to have inflicted an average of fifty lashes a-day for forty years. A famous hand at the scourge is mentioned in the German Pedagogue Magazine for 1833. He was a Suabian schoolmaster, then recently deceased. An usher calculated that during fifty-one years he had given 10,200 boxes on the ear, 22,700 tasks to get by heart, 124,000 floggings, 136,000 tips with the rule, 209,000 thumps, 911,500 canings, making, with sundry small visitations, a grand total of 1,421,208 punishments. As the common result of such regimens, we have the reality of Shakespeare's picture—

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And smooth morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school."

There are still occasionally unhappy cases of tutorial merciless severity, as the one in Sussex which has recently very righteously entailed the sentence of penal servitude. But, generally speaking, the boyhood of the present day may be congratulated

on living under a milder and more enlightened scholastic dispensation than the juveniles of former generations. Experience has amply proved the inefficiency of corporal punishment in schools, with the potency of teachers winning the respect and confidence of pupils by their character and capacity, while conciliating their affections by appearing as much the friend as the master. "My first task," remarked Pestalozzi, "was to gain the confidence of my pupils"—some of the poorest children in the canton of Underwalden—"and then to attach them to me. I partook of all their pains and pleasures. I was everywhere with them when they were well, and when they were sick I was constantly at their bed-side. We had the same nourishment, and I slept in the midst of them, and from my bed either prayed with them or taught them something. The very children who before had never had a book in their hands applied from morning till night; and when I have asked them after supper, 'My children, which would you rather do—go to bed, or learn a little longer?' they would generally reply that they would rather learn."

The reference made to Eton and the terrible Udall revives the remembrance of an incident of sufficient interest to be detailed. The scene was Windsor Castle; the time, December 10, 1563, the days of good Queen Bess; the parties were Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burleigh, and some guests whom he entertained at dinner, at the then fashionable hour of twelve o'clock. Among the number were Sir Richard Sackville, Treasurer of the Exchequer; Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Haddon, Master of Requests; Mr. Astley, Master of the Jewel House; Mr. Ascham, the Queen's Latin secretary, formerly her tutor; Sir William Petre, Sir John Mason, Dr. Wotton, Mr. Nicasius, and Mr. Hampton. They were most of them members of the Privy Council, in attendance upon the queen, who was then at Windsor, owing to the plague being in London. Though no "special correspondent" was present, a report of the conversation at table can be given, and avouched for as substantially accurate. The host tossed up the ball.

Cecil. Strange news brought to me this morning from Eton; the boys off home; run away for fear of a beating.

Petre. I hope their parents will give them a good whipping for their pains, and send them quick back again to get another.

Haddon. With all my heart; the rogues ought to be made to remember that obedience to the tutor is the first duty of the scholar. If they forget it, why, let it be thrashed into them.

Mason. Udall is said to be the best schoolmaster of our time.

Ascham. And the greatest beater.

Haddon. To be sure, else he could never send such scholars as he does to the university.

Ascham. But wise men say, that is owing to the great aptness of the youths, not to the great beating of the master. Children are the soonest allure by love, to attain good learning. A lady of high birth, of my acquaintance, was once a living example of this. For my part, I pity the lads, if all be true

that is reported of Eton, and wonder not at their running away.

Petre. Depend upon it, however mild ways may do for girls, they will not do for boys. You will only encourage them in wilfulness and disobedience by gentle measures. The rod is to the school what the sword is to the state, quite essential, and specially ordained for the preservation of good order. The magistrate is not to bear the sword in vain, so neither the schoolmaster the rod. Remember what Solomon says about sparing it.

Mason. Yet, according to the laws of England, magistrates cannot use the sword without clear cause being first shown for it, as I chance to know many schoolmasters do the rod. They don't go, when out of temper, poking the sword into the first unlucky wretch in their way, and pricking him till their anger cools, as is the manner with some handlers of the birch.

Ascham. The godly counsel of King Solomon is meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating; rather for manners than for learning; for other places than for schools. I would have every vice sharply corrected, every fault properly amended; but the less connection there is between lessons and stripes the better. The ancients committed their youth to the rule of three persons: the schoolmaster taught the child learning with all gentleness; a governor corrected his manners with the necessary sharpness; the father held the stern of his whole obedience. So he that used to teach did not commonly use to beat, but remitted that over to another man's charge. It is ill to make the school-house the temple of fear. It should be counted a sanctuary from it.

Haddon. You approve, then, of this flight of the boys from Eton?

Ascham. By no means. I can pronounce no decided opinion, not knowing the particular circumstances, only I am not surprised. Such scourgings as are reported there, and in other places, are to me very shocking. They are unjust, being so indiscriminate, and often the effect and evidence of the master's lack of self-control. They are cruel, by reason of their severity, as well as the occasion of them; for to whip a child for not having his lesson ready in time, when great negligence cannot be clearly shown, is to punish him for want of a capacity which nature has not given. They are very harmful also, for many a boy so treated has been so disgusted with learning as to be anxious for a release from pursuing it.

Cecil. Master Ascham, you have seen much of men and things, here and abroad. You have studied this subject; I have not. But as far as I apprehend your views, they are mine also. I wish schoolmasters had more discretion in using correction than commonly there is. They often punish rather the failing of nature than the fault of the scholar. Many are driven thereby to hate learning before they know what learning is, and so abandoning their book, betake themselves to any other mode of living. Wotton, what do you say?

Wotton. In my opinion the Greeks and Romans were wise in their generation. Socrates, in the "Republic of Plato," truly says, "the lessons that

are made to enter by force into a child's mind, do not take up a lodging there." An Athenian philosopher caused pictures of joyfulness to be set round his school, to signify that the business of learning should be made as pleasant as possible, in order to be successfully conducted. The Greek word for school has the meaning of "ease" or "leisure;" and the Romans named it *ludus*, or "play," *ludus literarius*. I would have learning made as pleasant and gladsome as may be to the scholar. The road to knowledge is up-hill, and he ascends it the quickest who is more encouraged than beaten on the way.

Ascham. If the scholar does his best, he ought to be praised, whatever short-comings there may be. There's no whetstone to sharpen wit like encouragement. But sorrowful is the lot of a slow-minded child. The master despises him, and he is little looked to. He lacks teaching; he lacks encouragement; he lacks all things; only he never lacks flogging, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from it. I would have music and song in schools, in place of weeping and wailing.

Wotton. I bethink me, the Greek child, in the grammar school where he learnt his letters, was taught the best popular poems, both the heroic and the tender, Homer and Simonides. He then passed to the music-master, and learned to sing to the lyre—a pleasant and useful art.

Petre. Good friend Wotton would have boys grow up fit only to handle the spindle and distaff.

Cecil. Nay, the Greeks were men admirable for eloquence and philosophy, valiant by land and sea, as Xerxes and Darius found to their cost. I have read Arrian and Xenophon.

Ascham. A man is none the worse citizen or soldier, but much the better, if able to sing properly the songs of his country and the praises of God. Luther has written strongly in favour of the well-tuned voice. "It has," he says, "a mighty control over every movement of the heart. Wherefore I recommend it to every man, especially to youth, duly to love, honour, and esteem this precious, useful, and cheering gift of God, the knowledge and diligent use of which will drive off evil thoughts, or diminish the effect of evil society and vices. It is necessary that this art be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or else I will not look upon him."

Mason. Much would it delight me to hear Udall essay a ditty. A wholesome custom, I take it, if masters would sing before they birch, as likely to moderate their choler. It would save the boys some singing, not over tuneful, and dancing too. But you referred to a high-born lady when speaking of luresome teaching.

Ascham. True, the lady Jane Grey.

Cecil. Hush!

Ascham. No harm. The queen's highness has heard the story, and much was she affected by it. Before I journeyed into Germany, I went to Bradgate, in Leicestershire, to take leave of that noble lady, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, were hunting in the park. I found her

in her chamber, reading Plato in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale of Boccace. After salutation and duty done, and some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime as was in the park. Smiling, she answered, "I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure which I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," said I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure?" "I will tell you," she replied, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that he sent me such sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. I can do nothing to please them; but when I go to Mr. Elmer, he teacheth me so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and when I am called from him I fallon weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and all misliking unto me." Alas! poor lady.

Wotton. Would that we had more tutors like Elmer. But teaching is often committed to those who need themselves to be taught.

Ascham. It is too true, and an ill habit is it with gentlemen, who commonly have more care to find out a skilful man for their horse, than one for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. To the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns a year, and are loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in the heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewards them according to their liberality. He suffers them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and so in the end they find more pleasure in their cattle than comfort in their family.

The party broke up. Cecil withdrew to his cabinet to ponder over despatches. Ascham went up to read with the queen an oration of Demosthenes. Sir Richard Sackville, who had been a silent listener during dinner, awaited his leisure; and then, after mutual converse, they agreed to look out a proper tutor for their two sons, and place them under his care. Ascham soon afterwards began to commit his thoughts to writing, and finished his excellent treatise, "The School-master," which his widow published. Upon hearing of his death, in 1568, the queen is said to have declared that she would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

PECULIARITIES IN STYLE.

THOMAS WILSON, the first critical writer upon the English language, in his "System of Rhetoric and Logic" earnestly advocates simplicity of language, and condemns those writers who disturb the natural arrangement of their words, and reject familiar and appropriate phrases for the sake of others more refined and curious. Among other false styles censured by him is that of *alliteration*, of which he gives the following caricature example:—"Pitiful poverty

prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual." What a thunderbolt rhetorical Thomas would have hurled against Tryphidorus, who composed an *Odyssey*, consisting of twenty-four Books, excluding from the first book the letter A, from the second, B, and so on; thus showing the whole letters of the alphabet one after another that he could do without them. It was in allusion to this fantastical work that Addison says he saw in a dream the phantom of Tryphidorus engaged in a ball with twenty-four persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance without being able to overtake him.*

"He that would write well," says Roger Ascham, "must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think." Few writers have carried out this precept more fully than Paley, in his "Natural Theology." In this work he uses the most homely and simple illustrations, when they are to the purpose. The laminæ of the feathers of birds are kept together by teeth that hook into one another, "as a latch enters into the catch, and fastens a door." The eyes of the mole are protected by being very small, and buried deep in a cushion of skin, so that the apertures leading to them are like "pin-holes in a piece of velvet," scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth. The snail, without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk, by a provision of "sticking-plaster." The lobster, as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckles, and "drawing his legs out of his boots" when they become too small for him. Let us contrast this style of writing natural history with that of Monsieur Virey, who, in his "Histoire des Mœurs et de l'Instinct des Animaux," is unable to speak of granivorous animals without terming them Pythagoreans and Gymnosopists. He calls the crying baboon of South America a wild Demosthenes, the lion a generous prince, the jackal a courtier. He describes the nightingale as appealing to heaven against the robber of her nest, and the crocodiles as the "sad orphans of nature," because hatched in the sand.

Jeremy Taylor has been called "the Spenser of our prose writers;" and it has been added that "his prose is sometimes almost as musical as Spenser's verse." Of Samuel Rogers and his poetry, a competent authority humorously states that "he is so polished, that time can never take the shine out of him; so classically correct are his charms, that to the end of time they will be among the principal 'Pleasures of Memory.'" On the other hand, some writers have openly expressed their contempt for the graces of style. Dr. John Owen, a well known theological writer of the seventeenth century, in one of his prefaces utters this declaration:—"Know, reader, that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a

* We are told of one Theobaldus, a monk, who flourished in the time of Charles the Bald (Carolus calvus), that he wrote a panegyric on "baldness," every word beginning with the letter C.

fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

John Heywood, whose conversational jocularity is said to have been exceedingly consoling to the old age of Henry VIII, and to his daughter Queen Mary, was the author of a long burlesque allegory, on the dispute between the old and the new religions, under the title of "Old Parable of the Spider and the Fly." In this book, according to the judgment of old Garrison, "Heywood dealeth so profoundly, and beyond all measure of skill, that neither he himself that made it, nor any one that readeth it, can reach unto the meaning thereof."

Thomas Carew abounded in tasteless conceits. In speaking metaphorically of a stately lady, he calls her foot

"the precious root
On which the goodly cedar grows."

It is the same, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his epitaph on the daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, he says:—

"And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betray'd;
Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin!"

Occasionally, the fury for fine writing betrayed Thomas Moore into conceits. Thus, in his "Life of Sheridan," he says, "He had not yet searched his fancy for those curious fossils of thought which make the 'School for Scandal' such a rich treasure of wit." And again: "It is the opinion of a learned Jesuit, that it was by *aqua regia* the golden calf of the Israelites was dissolved, and the cause of kings was the royal solvent in which the wealth of Great Britain now melted irrecoverably away."

Those who are acquainted with Spanish literature are well aware how common a fault this is with them. We will present two or three instances. Throughout the whole work of Lorenzo Graciano—"The Art of Ingeniously Thinking and Writing"—ingenious thoughts are constantly the subject of consideration. "A man of genius," he says, "may receive these ideas from nature; but art enables him to create them at pleasure. As he who comprehends such ideas is an *eagle*, so he who is capable of producing them must be ranked among *angels*; for it is an employment of cherubin, and an elevation of man, which raises him to sublime hierarchy." Villegas, a poet of the seventeenth century, sometimes degenerates into the most monstrous conceits and images. In one of his Odes, he absurdly entreats Lyda to suffer her tresses to flow, and says that "when agitated by Zephyr, her locks would occasion a thousand deaths, and subdue a thousand lives;" and then he adds, "that the sun himself would cease to give light, if he did not snatch beams from her radiant brow to illumine the east!" One of Manuel Varia y Sousa's songs is composed in honour of a pair of eyes, "in whose beauty," he says, "love has inscribed the poet's fate, and which are as large as his pain, and as black as his destiny," etc. In this ridiculous style he composed hundreds of sonnets. Calderon de la Barca, in his play entitled "Misfortune comes Well if it comes Alone," a waiting-maid, addressing

her young mistress, who has risen in a gay humour, says, "Aurora would not have done wrong had she slumbered that morning in her snowy crystal, for that the light of her mistress's charms would suffice to draw aside the curtains from the couch of Sol."

Bishop Hoadley had a defect in style—that of extending his periods to a disagreeable length; for which Pope has thus eternally recorded him:—

"And, sir, of writers? Swift for closer style,
But, Hoadley for a period of a mile."

Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the celebrated treatise on "Vulgar Errors," sometimes displays a very whimsical fancy. The following is one of the most striking instances. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that "The Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low, and we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia."

Hobbes excited his imagination in his censure of Imagination. In one passage of the "Leviathan" he condemns metaphors in very strongly metaphorical language:—"But for metaphors, they are utterly to be excluded; for seeing they openly profess deceit, to admit them into council or reasoning, were absolute folly."

"All Dr. Johnson's books are written," says Macaulay, "in a learned language—in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse—in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love—in a language in which nobody ever thinks." Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue, as we know from Mrs. Piozzi's anecdotes and Boswell's Life, were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences "out of English into Johnsonese." His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale form the original of the work known as the "Journey to the Hebrides," which is really the *translation*, and it is amusing to compare the two versions. "When we were taken upstairs," says he in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed in which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in the "Journey," as follows: "Out of one of the beds in which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man, black as a Cyclops from the forge." Goldsmith once said to him, "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, Doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales."

Jefferson is a writer that shocks us with the vehemence of his language. From his "Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers," published in 1829, I will extract one or two examples. The throne of heaven should be besieged with eternal prayers "to extirpate from creation that class of human lions, tigers, and mammoths, called kings;" among whom, "there is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of any parish in America." George III is "maniac

George :" Louis XVI "goes for nothing ; he hunts one half the day, is drunk the other, and signs whatever he is bid."

Edmund Burke was a writer of the first class, and excelled in almost every kind of prose composition ; but he often descended to coarseness, abuse, and scurrility ; and is apt to betray what Johnson imputes to Swift, a proneness to "revolve ideas from which other minds shrink with disgust." For instance :—"They are not repelled, through a fastidious delicacy at the stench of their arrogance and presumption, from a medicinal attention to their mental blotches and running sores." Some passages are not fit to be cited, on account of the indecency of their allusions. He compares a Republican ruler to a cannibal in his den, where he paints him as having actually devoured a king, and suffering from indigestion.

Neither good taste nor humanity of feeling restrained Byron from a savage exultation over the grave of a political foe. He speaks of

"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."

The same grossness marks Walter Savage Landor, when, in the "Imaginary Conversations," he puts into the mouth of Aristotle—"And our negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was, that exposure alone is ignominy, at last severed his *wean* with an ivory-handled knife."

M. Capefigue, one of the most prolific authors of France, bestows a plentiful vocabulary of abuse on the heads of all modern historians—himself excepted. When he announced his "History of the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon," he observed, in allusion to Thiers and Mignet, that "no one, in treating the history of the Revolution, had risen beyond the babblings of the assemblies, the petty reports of policemen, and the vulgarities of mobs."

An amusing instance of bathos is afforded in the published tour of a lady who attained some celebrity in literature. Describing a storm to which she was exposed when crossing in a steam vessel from Dover to Calais, her ladyship says : "In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was not without great difficulty I could—hold up my parasol!"

A KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAWS.

Laws are necessary to the well-being and preservation of order in a community ; but hitherto it has been but little considered that, to prevent their infraction, it is equally important that a knowledge of them should be universally disseminated and fully understood by those they are formed to control. It must be admitted that a knowledge of the laws among the people is the exception to the rule, and that, in a majority of instances, the offender becomes first cognizant of offending after the sentence of punishment has been passed. The laws of the realm, bound up in massive volumes and sold at a high price, are inaccessible to the many, and although written in the English language, it is not of the plain every-day character such

as is in use by the people ; every fresh Bill or Act of Parliament appears in the same uninviting garb it assumed centuries ago. In former times and the early dawn of English civilization, the population was comparatively scanty and the laws were few. In this 19th century, both people and laws have increased to a vast extent, for the latter have more than kept pace with the actual necessities of the community, it is much to be feared. At present, the only persons who know anything about the laws are chiefly our judges, barristers and solicitors, and a small portion of our statesmen and members of Parliament ; and their knowledge of the constitution and fundamental laws of our empire is at best an imperfect one, or there would not be so many bungling attempts at law-making and frequent revision and alteration of the laws.

It is an evident and gross injustice to punish those who may break the laws, for offences of whose nature and principles they are commonly totally ignorant ; yet such is the anomalous condition of law-dispensing in England in this 19th century. To popularize the laws already made, and those that may hereafter follow, they should be published in an attractive form, somewhat after the style of the ordinary popular literature of the day. The criminal laws should of course be kept distinct from the civil, and published at the cost price of editing, printing, etc., or as nearly so as possible, and sold to news-vendors just like any other periodical or publication. So long as it may be considered necessary that the verbiage of our laws should be antiquated, prolix, and dubious in style, there should be copious explanatory notes accompanying them, for the information of the general public ; attorneys and barristers might have a separate edition compiled for them, without such lucid addenda, if it so pleased them. Copies should be given to all institutions of a public character, whether they be clubs for the rich or mechanics and literary associations for the middling and poorer classes of the community, and every society not properly belonging to those just named, yet resorted to by sections of the people, and of a beneficial if not directly instructional tendency, might be advantageously furnished with them. This is the age of reformatory institutions ; and doubtless they are, when judiciously managed, capable of good results, though not probably to the extent their promoters, with a too sanguine confidence, anticipate. Would it not be well if greater attention were bestowed on the prevention of crime, and might not the establishment of "Preventatories," (to coin a word,) where such as were unemployed, and, as is often the case, unacquainted with any useful occupation, might be taught one, and thus prevented from falling into a criminal way of life ? In cases where laws are specially enacted for any particular trade or calling, it might be advisable that they should be framed and suspended against the walls of work-rooms, shops, warehouses, etc., so as to be constantly before the eyes of those immediately concerned. There is good reason for believing that the diffusion of a knowledge of the laws would operate against law-breaking to a very great extent, and, that a familiarity with the penalties thereby ensuing would deter from the commission of numerous minor offences, now resulting oftener from heedlessness and ignorance than from a pre-disposed criminality.

VARIETIES.

MAN RESTORED.—Nothing but faith in the one perfect sacrifice of Christ will enable men to draw near to God. The heathen felt this, and all his propitiations, and expiations, and placatory offerings, were dim gropings after it. The Jew felt this, and the blood of bulls and of goats which he offered were weak prophecies of it. The Christian feels it, and the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, once for all, is the perfect fulfilling of this longing. All have alike felt that there must be some such ground, out of a man's self, and beyond him, on which he must rest. For what will a man's mendings of himself do, as affording the materials of a reconciliation? When once the awful vision of a holy God has flashed upon his soul, never again to be put by; when once the idea of law, and of the transgression of a law, have been revealed unto him; and (which is the same thing) when once the abyssmal deeps of his own sinfulness have yawned beneath his feet; how idle then doth everything of his own appear for the repairing of the past, for the knitting again the bands of the broken communion with his God! His works! as well might he seek to fill a bottomless pit with pebbles thrown into it one by one, or to pay off at one end a debt with pence, which was accumulating by talents at the other. His works! he cannot so far lie to himself as to believe that they can be better than the source out of which they flow, and that source is unhealed as yet. Vain is it, then, for a man to seek in himself the grounds of a restored and renewed intercourse with his God. His doings and his strivings leave him where he was, or leave him further off than before. His sin cleaves to him still; and all his efforts to disengage himself from it serve only to cause it to cling to him the closer: it is to him as the poisoned garment which we read that a fabled hero in an evil hour had put on, and then strove to tear away, but in vain: he could only tear away his own flesh.—*Dean Trench.*

DINNER-GIVING.—Why must we make food-giving the staple of hospitality, and translate into our life of the streets the essential virtue of the desert? In wild countries, and in country places, where you have long distances to go, it is needful to make food one of the primal conditions of kindly intercourse; but here, in cities, where at every ten yards you can buy a dinner for half a crown, this ostentatious feasting of our friends, as an emblem of hospitality, is a sad mistake. And if even we still insist on the rule of dining together, which, as a kindly and familiar matter, has something on its side too, yet why must we always give dinners quite beyond the ordinary manner of living, both of ourselves and of our guests?—*The London Review: edited by Dr. Charles Mackay.*

PUBLIC PARKS.—A new Act, which has lately received the Royal assent, and is now in force, provides for local improvements beneficial to the health and comfort of the people. The ratepayers of any parish maintaining its own poor, the population of which, according to the last account, exceeds five hundred persons, may purchase or lease lands, and accept gifts and grants of land, for the purpose of forming any public walk, exercise or play-ground, and levy rates for maintaining the same, and for the removal of any nuisances or obstructions to the free use or enjoyment thereof, and for improving any open walk or footpath, or placing convenient seats or shelters from rain, and for other purposes of a similar nature. The Act may be adopted in boroughs. After the adoption of the Act, a meeting of the ratepayers is to take place to make a separate rate, and such rate is to be agreed to by a majority of at least two-thirds in value of the ratepayers assembled. Previous to any such rate being imposed, a sum in amount not less than at least one-half of the estimated cost of such proposed improvements shall have been raised, given, or collected by private subscription or donation. The rate is not to exceed 6d. in the pound.

BIRMINGHAM.—Birmingham is a town of extraordinary contrasts: one or two good streets and a pleasant suburb, with an overwhelming mass of ugliness, so dingy, black, and squalid in places, that a stranger's heart aches, and his eye grows painfully weary at the sight. Smoke darkens the sky and obscures the landscape for miles around, and the dead gloom contrasts strangely with the strong eager life of the whole neighbourhood. Here are congregated nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, comprising the busiest and most ingenious handicraftsmen that the kingdom can produce; and of all the contrasts here apparent, the greatest is, perhaps, that between the ingenuity and its environment. In miserable workshops, and grimy holes and corners, results of industry are accomplished which seem little less than wonderful. The noise of hammer and file, of stamping-machines, of swift rollers and labouring wheels, and mighty steam-engines, is heard in every quarter but that of Edgbaston, which is the Bayswater of Birmingham; and tall chimneys pouring forth their clouds of blackness catch the traveller's eye from far. It is for the most part a town of workshops, and you may walk from street to street noting the change of aspect with change of trade. The jewellers' quarter looks clean and respectable; but go among the pearl-button makers, who have been somewhat "put about" by the introduction of vegetable ivory, and you see less of cleanliness, and a suspicion of makeshift; while in the quarter where the ring of the anvil most prevails, you look in vain for cleanliness, and find nothing to admire except mechanical contrivances. A grouping of trades is noticeable; in one quarter the renters of steam-power, with their noisy and heavy operations; in another stampers and piercers, gilt toy-makers, makers of studs, swivels, and sleeve-links; then die-sinkers, lapidaries, rose-engine turners, spoon and fork makers, and chasers; a little farther, and there are the makers of coffee-pots, knobs and handles, dram-flasks, game-bags, shot-belts, lamps, clock-cases, watch-hands, and so forth—trade after trade in what seems endless variety. You wonder how they all live.—"All round the Wrekin," by Walter White.

THE OFFICIAL CATS OF PARIS.—In the Budget of the Imperial Printing-office, which is now before the Legislative body, says the Paris "Pays," is an item which has excited considerable curiosity—it is for cats. It appears that, in order to preserve the stores of paper, printed and unprinted, from the ravages of mice and rats, a considerable number of cats have to be kept in the establishment; and the expense of giving them food twice a day, and of paying a man to watch over them, is sufficiently great to form a special item. These cats were once very nearly the cause of war between the Director of the Imperial Printing-office and the Director of the Archives, whose gardens are adjacent. The latter has in his gardens a small artificial river, and he kept in it a number of rare aquatic birds. He perceived that the number of his birds decreased almost daily, but he could not tell how; at last he discovered that they were killed by cats, and he set snares, by which a number of those animals were caught. The keeper of the cats in the printing-office perceived his feline stock diminishing, and he suspected the workmen of the establishment of killing them. But one day a cat arrived with a fragment of a snare round his neck, and this led to the discovery of the whole truth. The Director of the Printing-office thereupon complained that his cats were killed, while the Director of the Archives said that he would not allow his birds to be devoured; but at last an arrangement was made to the effect, on the one hand, that every issue of the printing-office should be closed to prevent the invasion of cats into the gardens of the archives, and, on the other, that, in the event of one by chance escaping, it should not be put to death.